Albany, Oct. 6. 47.

Now for you, my dear fellow. I have despatched a few business letters; now for a love letter, a tremendous, double sheeted billet-doux. I wish I had written it yesterday, or day before, or the day before that, when I felt so well, at some of the beautiful places upon the most beautiful Champlain, within sight of the mountains, (none of your monotonous Apalachians, but real Chilian Andes.) – surrounded by the gorgeous, many colored forest fringes, beckoned to by elms & maples dressed in green and gold, and some in scarlet, by the banks of the streams where the purple asters and the golden rods, and the tufted ~~silk~~ silk weeds nodded their tassels and their lunar pods, – then I could have written as an immortal spirit in a divine world Should I ever write and not send you a sheet perfumed with sighs and love aspirations instead of with the aroma of the beautiful and the hopeful. And yet I can do it and will, for the spirits of the prophets are always subject to the prophets, and a man's imagination is given him for wings to let him soar above and out of sight of the grossness of the necessities of his temporal nature. But remember, if you catch me sleeping or prosing, that I do not love to write letters; it's a bore; but I only love those to whom I write letters; there's the difference. I shall answer your last first and speak in the first person last; that is, you know, write You with a big Y. and I with a little j. It is unamerican; but french politeness is not to be despised when taken in homoepathic doses.

I remark first upon the form of your last. It is convenient but doesn't look ship shape; doesn't favor a letter at all, and

is only preferable to your unwieldy extra length foolscap which won't fit into any portfolio, or letter strap in my possession. Your letter dates May 10. and describes me your family interestingly. I cannot be glad enough that God has provided so good a home for you, such kind friends, as well as a sphere of active usefulness. The latter perhaps I deprecate, the former I am forced by experience to overestimate. Alas, I have just been driven out of such an Eden; - but anon. Miss Watson & Miss Tucker are daguerreotyped in my mind; I know them very intimately. As for Mrs W. I wrote you in my last to be careful how you read my letters, for you would not seize a pitcher of water filled by you know not whom, and pour her out a glass without watching for motes or wrigglers, would you? I write, just as a pitcher delivers water, mechanically, first best. For instance What I now say, & what perhaps I ought not to say, and yet what I must say, risking the mischief —: Are you not in danger? Is it "next door to being married to have such a friend?" Alas I speak from a heart torn to pieces; only just recovering from a crushing that seemed as if it would destroy the life of the body as well as the light of the soul. We are not wholly alike I know; I am more passionate, less firm, less selfsufficient, more a feather on the wind, more parasitic & have always been so, than you perhaps & therefore more open to such a danger; but let my sufferings warn you. Guard your heart; where the laws of God and the order of the world forbid any permanent condition of affection in life; be shy of kindness even. If you feel sure on your own side, be careful for the other. I dare not put upon paper what I — perhaps couldn't tell you face to face. I don't speak now to utter complaint or get sympathy from you, but for your own sake exposed to a similar danger — perhaps; I say *perhaps*, for I am in doubt of all things on the earth. The visions of every day, differ. It is impossible to know truth or recognise fact, in detail; only the absolute and abstract seems recognisable; God, justice, salvation, & immortality. These are the only "constants" in the whole range of our science.

But with this digression I continue your letter. Yet let me add that I earnestly desire to see you married, even — nay especially out there. Can you not sign a solemn league and covenant with one of your friends and assure and secure yourself in a natural position in life? You harp upon my going out to you. I cannot. I am a reed shaken with the wind. Inside is all pith. In a few days I expect to receive an invitation to preach through the winter at Milton; by the next packet I send a letter to M. Bost asking for his daughter. I do not write with any hope, for in his last, dated Melun a month ago, he intimated a selfreproach for devolving his share of our correspondence upon Marie and an utter unwillingness that she should be tempted by the fancy of youth to porter son cœur au de la de l'Atlantique. A broad hint that I must not harbor secretly the design of entrapping her. In consequence I have written him a confession and openly asked his daughter in marriage, accounting for my delay by my unsettled habits hitherto. If I can manage it, I shall go to France in the spring; would to God, I could bring back such a treasure; and yet I feel it to be selfish, but at the same time orderly and natural. If I do not marry soon, I shall meet great annoyances in my parish. You do not suffer of course in the same way there, as you would to be an unmarried pastor here; yet for other weighty reasons I would rejoice more than I could express to hear you say at least that you had made provisional arrangements, taken the first steps.

Our friend H. J. D. I dread to hear from, I hate to speak of. Letters reached me a month ago to this effect: he had been exceedingly ill on his little farm, and going behind hand, running in debt, and over=whelmed with anxiety. I could do nothing for him, not even visit him. If I had been able I sh^d not have wished to, for I could not have helped him. He has put his best friends, Dr. J. Alex^r e.g. out of power to help him, by leaving the ministry and taking to gardening. A little ~~ssom~~ sinecure in the Trait House has helped him somewhat. He was at the point of death several times — so said. I am on my way to N.Y. and may learn more before closing this. Next week or perhaps this, I shall, the Lord willing, be in Philad^a in the arms of

my father again and remain there until I hear from Milton. A

Mrs. White wrote me a long letter from Colchester lately where she spent three weeks, but I could not visit her, because I was reporting, writing sermons & preaching all together, at that time, at Milton. She complained that I had rec^d a letter & she none. This must have been the fault of the mail. If her complaint was just, do David, neglect me, and not her, when you cannot write to both. Remember, as I have told you before, and you know yourself, — that she hangs upon your memory and love as an ivy does on an elm. Oh you know nothing of the tortures of human jealousy and unreturned, unesteemed love; and can therefore feel no judicious sympathy with them in any of their phases. They occur in the old & in the young, and torment both perhaps in equal measure. It is a privilege to be loved, that we do not rightly value at ordinary times, or from more than one person, or two. To spare all possible pain is our highest duty in life; to increase ~~it~~ happiness is the next.

Of other friends I cannot say much. I saw Ben Silliman and his lovely wife, once or twice, and Prof. Hubbard, at the late meeting of the Am. Ass. in Boston, but saw too little of them to enjoy it much. Hubbard dined with us once or twice and proved very agreeable. James D Dana exposed his views of Chryst.[?] but missed my invitation to dinner, by a mishap. They all asked aff[ectionatel]y after you, & seemed pleased to learn that I heard so often from you. I didn't tell them how unworthy I felt of the trouble you take in writing. Prof. Henry was much with us, wishing to indoctrinate us into his admirable views of the Smithsonian institute. They hamper him by insisting upon the erection of a vast edifice; but he impedes the erection as much as he can; resists the formation of a universal library, and general Cabinet, both of which would be useless, located at W.; and is expending the moneys, in publishing original investigations in all branches of science, such as would be too costly for any investigator & any bookseller to publish. Thus he "increases" knowledge among men". He ~~[illegible]~~ "disseminates" it by paying best men

in all departments for drawing up annual resumés or
general abstracts & reports of all done & published during the
fled year, and publishing such resumés. Thus he avoids the
confinement of the benefits of Smithson's legacy to Dist. of Columbia,
and the sinking of the funds in useless displays of the mere
machinery of knowledge. He produced a great impression.

You will sympathize in my pleasure at my friend James
Rogers getting Dr Hare's Chemical Chair in Philada. It is
a great triumph, and a benefit to all the four brothers. I havent
told you why I am here, yet. Henry Rogers invited me to jaunt
and sketch with him on his business ex. to Grey's iron mines
on Lake Champlain. I helped him level &c. and intended
going with him today to trace the Berkshire boulder trains, but he
lost his trunk and so we part; he goes to Boston & I to Phila. —

I am not aware what impressions I lay under when I ~~said~~
wrote that I did not keep the Sabbath as formerly; but it certainly
is so. I love the Sabbath because it brings rest to the weary, and
to the solitary man, isolated in his weekly moods and unshared
thoughts, the refreshing assembly of the saints and brethren. It
breaks up the crust of common feeling; it furnishes fresh air,
~~through~~ throwing up the windows of the bedroom in which the soul
has slept all six days through; it unshutters them to the
sun, the heaven, the trees of paradise, the birds of faith. The
soul sees angels at work in the fields of life out upon which
on the Sabbath day he looks. There is a sense of extra freedom,
oh, David, not of extra restraint. That is a great mistake
of the Puritans, I feel it in my inmost soul, when the Sabbath
has in its middle hours cheered, comforted, inspired me and
I look upward and feel the tears in my eye lid — that delicious
feeling to one whose eyes never get far enough into the art of happiness

to shed tears down the cheeks. Now I once was a slave on the Sabbath & dared not do anything for fear it should be wrong. Now I do what I like, & feel more near God and so not much in danger of doing wrong. It is impossible to tell you how I keep the Sabbath, except by saying that I do more as I please, on that day, than on any other, with a boundless, bounding sentiment of freedom, quite invaluable and quickening to the last degree. Sometimes I am beaten down & cut through with a sense of unworthy & improper thoughts & acts, but sensible that I am on a conqueror's ground. At others I am full of glory for the days to come; but that too has no connection with the price to be paid for it, for the Sabbath is an anniversary to me of the bargain day when the price was paid and the possession vested in the hands of my trustees. The long, slow, progressive change in my views in this and other respects would not be intelligible to you, since you have been too far off to watch me in my conditions, under various influences, for three years past. German seed, for instance, I now find to be bearing fruit in me. My whole view of life, truth, gospel, the world, is reshaping itself, & has done so already in part. What will come of it I do not know. The whole movement is inevitable, normal and therefore satisfactory. Who thinks of complaining of the future geology of the earth, because lakes & rivers & currents & volcanoes are depositing various beds of various material in a certain combined whole, one knows not yet quite what, but inevitable, orderly, proper, good. I take the final man, to be completed like the final earth, orderly, lawfully, and well. It matters not what the end shall be, it shall be "very good". As long as I see goodness, gentleness, truthfulness, temperance, justice, faith increase within me, I can have no dread of the growth of these or

those opinions. I am a child of God; He educates me; not I myself. I am planted as a bay tree by the side of the river of Salvation; I do not direct the outshooting of my branches, for I cannot stand out of myself and criticise my own symmetry, nor can I predict the future wants of the future ship, according to which some future carpenter will use my boughs. I have nothing to do with the mode of my growth — "it grows itself" within me, by the living organism which my God has given me & my Savior has quickened, when once dead, into new life.

The Sabbath is a day of rest & peace & hilarity & worship. We worship all days; we do good all days; but we rest & are peaceful & joyful, by privilege or if you please ex officio, only on the Sabbath. This is my first duty. Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together & lay by for the poor — are the only commands we have of a specific nature touching it. Hence I walk out always on the Sabbath evening; I love lively & kind conversation on it; In my walks I chip rocks or pluck bouquets & run on the slopes of grass, with peculiar zest on the Sabbath for it is the Christian's holiday, & the poor man's holiday. The Catholic & Lutheran & Quaker Churches have much the more right in the matter over us Calvanists & puritans. Only when not restrained by holiness of heart their liberty becomes a cloak for licentiousness.

You see how my pitcher pours water. Perhaps you think it tastes bad. Well, but you know one must be habituated to the use of a kind of water, to think it tastes well. <u>The whole goes together</u>. You cannot, if you have a logical mind, (or rather education; for the mind is, e natura, logical,) change a single opinion without modifying the whole. Hence I said, that <u>all my</u>

views were undergoing change. It is the whole atmosphere of the mind that changes when a new vegetation is to be produced. Hence the universal difference between a Unitarian and a Methodist. It is the spirit of the whole mass of opinions, that keeps this or that one from falling off in turn. Hence politicians must belong to the party. Hence a sectarian connection breeds the most intense hostility between those who differ in one little point, because the life of the whole is thereby threatened. — But I have written on until I am fairly tired. My thoughts are not becoming clearer, but my back does begin to ache. I shall send this off in N.Y. and answer your other letter — or pretend to (for that is really my way) at another time. Give my love to your good friends; remember my warning; continue to love me; pray for our future meeting; & for that meeting which shall be more fitted for the wants and loves of spirits; pray for me, that I may develope my destiny aright, for though God's laws rule below, God's self reigns above. He stands beside the steam engine of the universe, and holds divine winches in his hands to stop, or turn, or hasten matters as we pray, and He thinks good. The Savior be with you, ever, world without end. Your friend and brother. Peter.

New York. — Have seen your sister Mrs Ripley and the little people. They are well but have been sick. Am on my way to Phil^a

P.